

DEEP SPACE  
DUBSTEP



NATHANIEL S. ROUNDS

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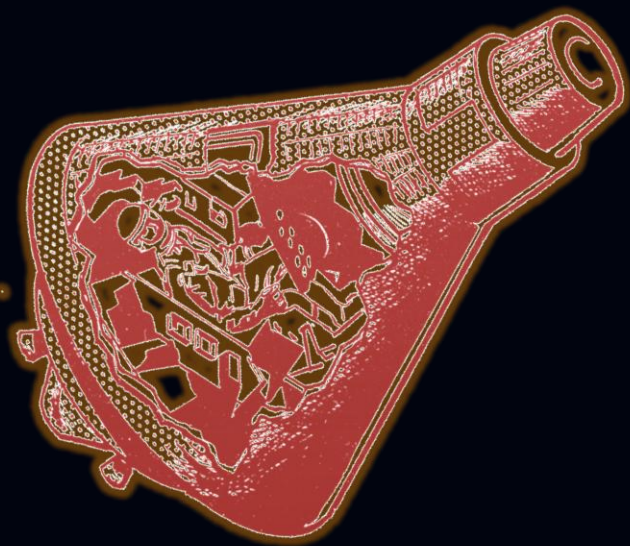


**NATHANIEL S. ROUNDS**

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Alligator Weed/ Zulu Cereal  
(Mama, Why Is the Sky Still So Dark?)

Big Blind Jim's voice was a distant foghorn  
Squeezed through the crack  
Between his hand wringer lips

He added to the fog  
With blasts of medicine show  
Exclamations  
Proclamations  
Revelations  
(Earth(l)y,  
Not  
Divine)

This is how he introduced  
Those two fruit pickers  
From Vermont  
Who made their way to  
Nova Scotia:

"Department Nine  
Is proud to present  
BEHEMOTHS OF PUGLIA,  
The unstoppable duo  
In mail order suits  
Who are well-suited to order  
The profane to renege  
Retract and retreat  
In the face of these  
Signs and notations from  
Star-struck heaven."

But mind you  
This was  
From twin horns mounted  
On a baseball cap  
To which was attached

A headset and head  
Of a clueless, unreformed swine

Namely, one

Torger Vanja Naumov  
And his conjoined cousin  
(Connected at the pinky  
At simultaneous conception  
But not at birth)  
Ilarion Ulf Sovány  
Who met at and escaped from  
A tough love teen camp

There is also a  
Chronically depressed farmer  
Who wears a dirty chicken costume  
And plays sad songs  
(Mostly)  
On a windup phonograph

And the trees turn dark  
And evil and smelly  
Like sea weed gone mad  
And comically upright  
As though a drag queen  
Had found solace in haunting  
Back roads and autumn  
In that order

I just want to know  
If  
This disenchanted  
Serially disengaged  
Chanteuse  
Lost-in-the-film-grain-background  
A heatless opportunist

Or

Is she a Stockholm Syndrome victim  
Rusting out father time's pendulum  
With tears that run the sad, tired course  
Of the rain cycle  
?

Deep Space Dubstep (Parmesan/Breadcrumb Mix)

Macaroni pizza  
Is crucial to fueling the  
Pomegranate pie space rocket  
Some say that this macaroni pizza  
Invented by a local chef  
Is worshiped by neighborhood squirrels

They watch through the Window as  
It is made  
And bow before leaving behind  
A small mound of acorns  
And the acorns are  $1/125^{\text{th}}$  the size  
Of the Canadian pomegranate pie space rocket  
Its impenetrable, red shell made entirely  
Of pomegranate pie filling  
Courtesy of E.D. Smith

And yet

What would we do without these elbow bits of  
Macaroni  
Tossed over four types of Cheese  
And tomato paste  
On a hand-tossed, wood-fired pizza shell?

While the pomegranate pie space rocket is in  
Orbit  
Let us reflect upon the necessity of the  
Private entrepreneur  
And his influence over infinite space



Heart as an Apple as a Wary Eye

There go dreams  
Dancing to the ticking  
Of the Doomsday Clock

Here lies hope  
Its bones at odds  
With quaking earth

Here looms dusk  
Blanketing light  
From everyone's sight

Wednesday's child diverts herself  
With toys stripped  
From exiles





The Character of Such Punishable Octopus

*From the top floor of the three storey  
Tenement house  
Sealing confessions of light with bitumen  
Once captured by glass eyes looking over  
Patios  
Comes this unstoppable chariot  
This 1958 Ford Nucleon  
Driven madly by a working class poet  
Hiding in the city in plain sight  
Dancing upon her adversaries*

In conclusion  
While her husband is out on a solitary walk  
Mrs. Helena Angelika Podsednik  
The Victoria Crowned Pigeon from Dvůr  
Králové Zoo  
Rolls pie dough made from nine or ten cups  
of fine flour  
(Minus oil and frankincense)  
With sweaty thrusts of a beer bottle  
(Absent its original *Kozel Černý*  
And over the last six months  
Holding a paper entitled *A Sociocultural  
Analysis of a Midwestern American Flea  
Market*)  
But none of this is going well

Helena mumbles in a rasp while rolling and  
Rolling:  
"We move in after telling management office  
That our old apartment was much too noisy."

*Roll, roll, roll, roll*

"The lady smiles and says *nothing*  
About 18 months restoring parking lot  
Directly under new apartment.

She knew *everything* and not a word of it."

*Roll, roll, roll, roll*

"And that first night and forever,  
The mice and their problems.  
Little dark mice are constant, constant..."

*A cutting of the dough into wonderful braids  
Placed over the pie*

"And into the cupboards and my lungs close  
Down  
And my nerves all break into slices..."

*The oven's maw opens and swallows the pie*

"And drunk students climbing balcony and  
Breaking flowers  
And chairs and drilling, drilling for  
Renovation initiative."

*This saltbox house is an embittered mother  
Hiding secrets in linden blossoms  
Printed on pitch-black paper  
Glued to plaster walls  
But by night  
It will become a camera obscura  
Floating by way of hot air balloon  
To Les Gras  
Where it shall preserve images of unhurried  
Leisure*

Two giant frogs return to the balcony  
They each have infinite legs  
Of female, human proportion  
In Lucite® high heel shoes  
They're like faded sideshow attractions  
Who were coerced into dancing for rubles

One frog sits at one end of the balcony  
And faces the other  
Their glances serving as conversation  
And their solemn expressions as prayer

Helena smiles and nods at them  
Then chops their legs off with a cleaver  
She sticks them in a pot of salty water  
And as their legs writhe and kick at the air  
The frogs grow new limbs  
Which they fold one over the other  
Toes wiggling and wanting to slip into  
Shoes and to walk or to dance  
But not to be here

Nobody wants to be here  
Not the two frogs  
Not Mrs. Helena Angelika Podsednik  
Not Mr. Božidar Tomáš Podsednik  
A Temminck's Tragopan and her husband of  
Eight years  
Not her son from her first marriage, Otmar  
Who worked for five minutes at Le studio  
Harcourt  
And then started teaching les grandes dames  
Ballroom tango  
At a crumbling studio in Le Marais  
And certainly not avant-garde composer Yuriy  
Platon Zolnerowich  
The octopus with the persecution complex  
And the sinus headache  
Who, from the Podsednik's bathroom toilet  
Writes music  
Which he performs with an ensemble of his  
Own invention:  
Three atomic clocks of brushed aluminum, who  
simply keep time  
Against a baby doll who cries "mamochka"

Zolnerowich plays the Kora  
A West African, 21-string bridge-harp  
Using the Double-Phrygian Hexatonic scale  
And a single snare for some bebop beats  
Against the wailing and cold, silent  
Perfection of time  
Underneath the red glow of a darkroom  
Safelight

After a visit to the bathroom  
Guests who visit the Podsedniks seldom  
Linger  
With the exception of a financial advisor  
Who muttered about using the Gann square of  
Nine  
Until Zolnerowich injected him with a  
Neurotoxin  
After which the advisor had little advice to  
Offer

The frogs' legs have succumbed  
To the ocean's roar  
The master of ceremonies  
Lifts them from the pot  
And throws them into a hissing skillet  
The passive legs and bacon grease  
Make polite applause  
While Mr. Podsednik, returning from his  
morning walk  
Opens the door onto this domestic scene  
And upon seeing his wife all sweaty while  
Setting the table  
Fluffs out his feathers and dances for her

## Pyramid of Skulls

When the day is done  
I had a hard way of dealing with  
Amitriptyline  
Valium  
Percocet  
I'm a river man without the pillow  
To muffle remorse  
I'm a pink moon sinking into the hole of a  
Guitar  
Left in the wet morning grass  
And we both rested here and held long  
Conversations  
But only third-hand memories of words  
Or their carbon copies  
Remain

When we are Together

I saw that chicken again  
The guy in the chicken suit  
Down at the dock  
Playing Haddaway's *What is Love*  
With a bass guitar and a melodica  
Nobody gave him a tip  
Because it was just the chicken  
An Edwardian ocean steamship  
And some fog  
So I gave the chicken a tip  
I told him to keep  
To the original bass line  
And to sing with more fervour

Make It a Flashlight Night

It's slightly rippled with a flat father  
Figure  
This long and tweedy coat of arms  
With the coconut head  
Walking down the burning streets  
Searching burning widows  
For familiar signs  
Like Color TV by RCA  
Or Fallout Shelter 4 MI[LES]  
But the men are all gone now  
And the children too  
There's a crack in the storm clouds  
And the trees are bent over in prayer





Born and raised on the mean streets of Akron, Ohio, Nathan Neverland, AKA Nathaniel S. Rounds, started his musical journey when he was 92, when he discovered a reggae/polka record collection in a Wal-Mart dump bin. It was at this moment that Nathaniel S. Rounds knew he wanted to be part of 'The Scene'.

After receiving several offers, Nathan Neverland joined Lemonpython Recordings, who helped distribute his first internet release, *'fax don't fit d theory'* in 2012. Though the single didn't sell as many as he probably would have liked, Nathan Neverland is a fighter and since 2012 has been locked in his nursing home bathroom-turned-studio, perfecting his craft.

Suffice to say, the Drum and Bass scene should be expecting big things from Nathan Neverland this coming year.



